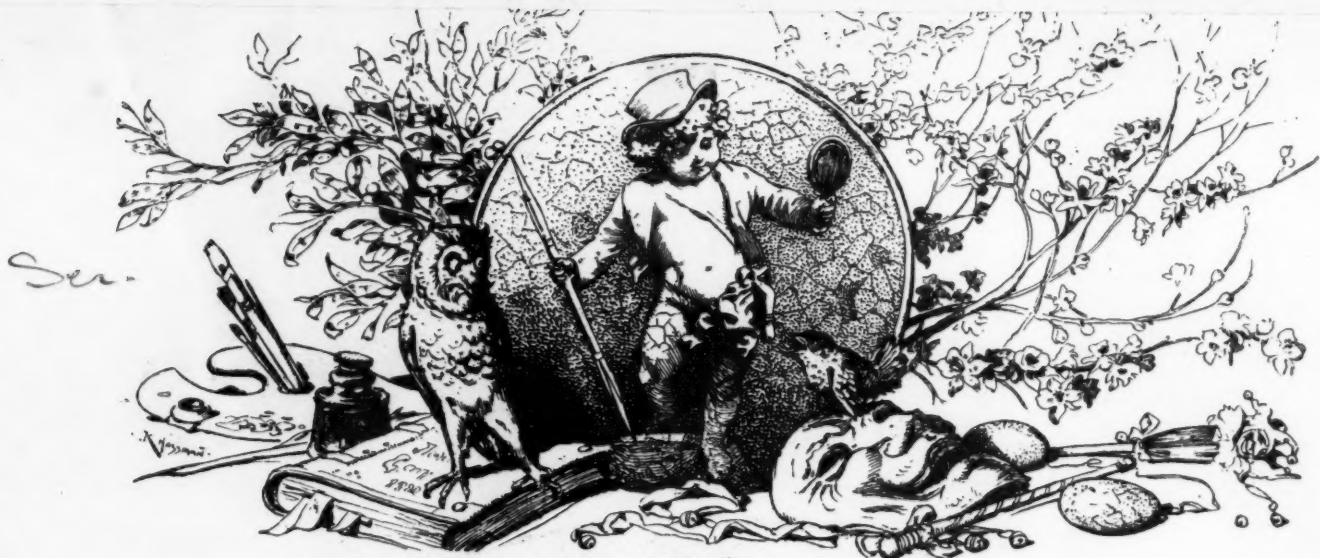




COMPOSITE PICTURE OF NEW JERSEY'S MOST PROMINENT PRODUCTS.



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Cartoons and Comments

MR. BRYAN STRIVES
TO PLEASE THEM.

SOME people are never satisfied. When WILSON had been chosen President, and the awful rumor spread that he fancied BRYAN for Secretary of State, a howl of protest went up from the usual anti-BRYAN quarters. What? Put that man at the head of the State Department? Incredible; it could not be true! But, alas, it was. The chair of Secretary of State, vacated by KNOX, was dusted off and presented to BRYAN, and dismal were the prophecies. The country had a through ticket to perdition, sure, with no return coupon so long as BRYAN was on the job. Recently, the Secretary announced that he was about to spend several weeks lecturing upon the Chautauqua circuit, and that naturally, for excellent physical reasons, he would be away from Washington and the State Department. Were there sighs of relief from his critics? Not at all. The same persons who howled most dismally when Mr. BRYAN took the secretarial chair let out a scream of pain on hearing of his proposal to leave it. The folks who did not want him in Washington in any official capacity could not bear to have him off the job, even for a few weeks. Judging by their own past performances and frequently expressed desires they should have been the happiest of happy people, but they were not. Man is a fickle animal.

IN THE ranks of reform have been many Colonels. We recall without difficulty the names of Colonel GUFFEY, Colonel HARVEY, Colonel WAT-TERSON, Colonel BRYAN, and Colonel ROOSEVELT. Now, it seems, we have another colonel

in the self-same ranks: the illustrious Colonel MULHALL. We believe that great ultimate good will come from the exposure of lobbyism now in progress at Washington, and we would like to give Colonel MULHALL credit for doing a fine, public-spirited act, but unfortunately we can't. It requires more imagination than PUCK possesses to picture Colonel MULHALL as a reformer, devoted to "the uplift movement" in politics. No satisfaction over the exposure of underground government should blind one to the fact that MULHALL is very far from being a disinterested laborer in the vineyard of public good. Using

language remote from elegance, he is simply a "sorehead," trying to "get hunk," and in a fair way to succeed. He has experienced no change of heart. Nobody has convinced him of the error of his ways. There is nothing to warrant a suspicion that he would not do it all over again if there was enough in it. As a last resort, because private threats availed not with his former employers, he became an ally of virtue, and is now engaged in demonstrating the old adage "It's an ill wind," etc. The correspondence, the telegrams, the memoranda, which have been printed as a result of this MULHALL exposure

give an inkling of the pressure which underground government brings upon legislative bodies, and by inference, also, some notion of the moral stuff of which a man must be made who resists that pressure. The more MULHALLS with sore heads and fat letter-files there are, the easier it will be for Congressmen and other legislators who are trying to keep straight.



"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD'S IGNOBLE STRIFE."

It is pleasant to note that the President enjoys himself when in the Green Mountain State. Trustworthy correspondents on the same restful spot say he has discovered many things that please him, particularly that people do not line up and stare at him just because he is President, but respect his wishes and "let him severely alone." A Democratic President in Stand-pat Vermont is more than a little like a Conquering Norman in Saxon England. The conqueror is tolerated, but not embraced. May not Vermont feel a proper local pride in its glorious isolation, shared only by Utah, in the last election returns? Vermont, the unsubdued!



THE BORED WALK.

HIS OFFENSIVE SUCCESS.



WHEN Jack Johnson, the colored gentleman with the anæsthetic punch, says that the lawyers have most of the \$138,000 he had before he ran foul of the White Slave Law, he said what many unprejudiced folks will believe. There are good

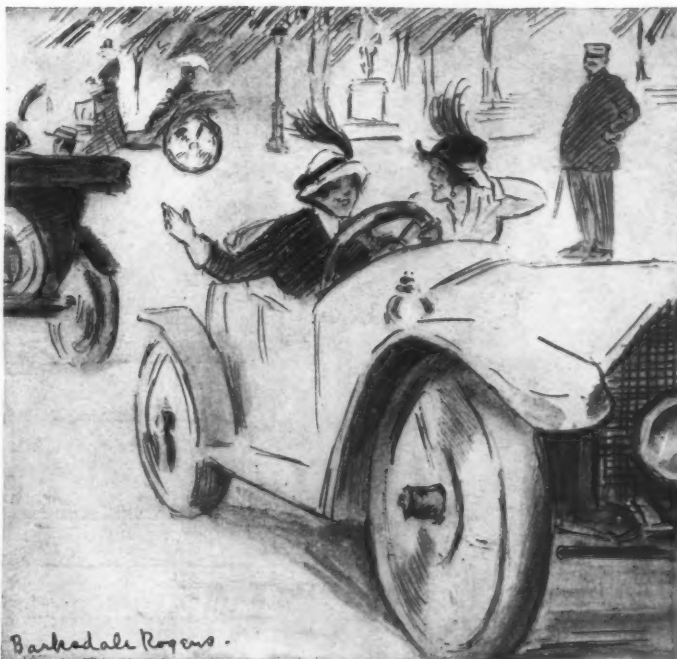
reasons also for believing that Johnson's principal offense was in knocking stiff the several white males who tried their luck with him in the prize-ring, and in laying up a large sum of money that white folks might have had if this black man had n't been too brisk and capable for them. That was a capital offense. The question of the white girl is secondary.

Johnson seems to have skipped his bail and gone to Russia. If that is n't adding insult to injury, what is? To jump from a free country, where every man is every other man's equal, and to fly to Russia, to be safe from persecution! What do we know about that? Well, as far as the most of us are concerned, the dark brother need n't be in any hurry to come back. His bail money, plus his fragrant absence, is great consolation. Where Johnson is n't, there is a good place to be. And the quicker some of the inferior white sluggers get into trouble with the White Slave Law, or any other law, and hit the Southern Lane for Russia, the more 'tis-of-thee this country will seem.

The circumstances of Johnson's flight, though, ought to make the knowing smile and the God-fearing

groan. The day before he went his bail was reduced, at the request of his lawyers, to one-half the original sum. The day before! That was crude. This was like stealing door-mats. It might have been well enough if it had been a week before. Or five days ago. But a day ago! Oh, Justice! Thank your stars you can't see! And ask to be stricken dumb also!

Johnson is gone. Forget him. But the lawyers who got his bail reduced, and the judge who reduced it, are still in this country. How about that?
Freeman Tilden.



PUTTING IT IN ITS PLACE.

GLADYS.—Jack has too pretty a mouth for a man. It ought to be on a girl's face.
CYNTHIA.—He seldom misses an opportunity!

A NECESSITY.

ARCHITECT (showing plans).—This room is intended for your library.

MR. PORKCHOPPS.—My lib'ry? Oh, yes!—of course! I must have a place to smoke.

IN PARIS.

MRS. NEWROCKS.—Dear me! We must leave Paris to-morrow, and we are only up to page nineteen of the guide-book.

MR. NEWROCKS.—Mark the place, and we'll come back next year and begin at page twenty.

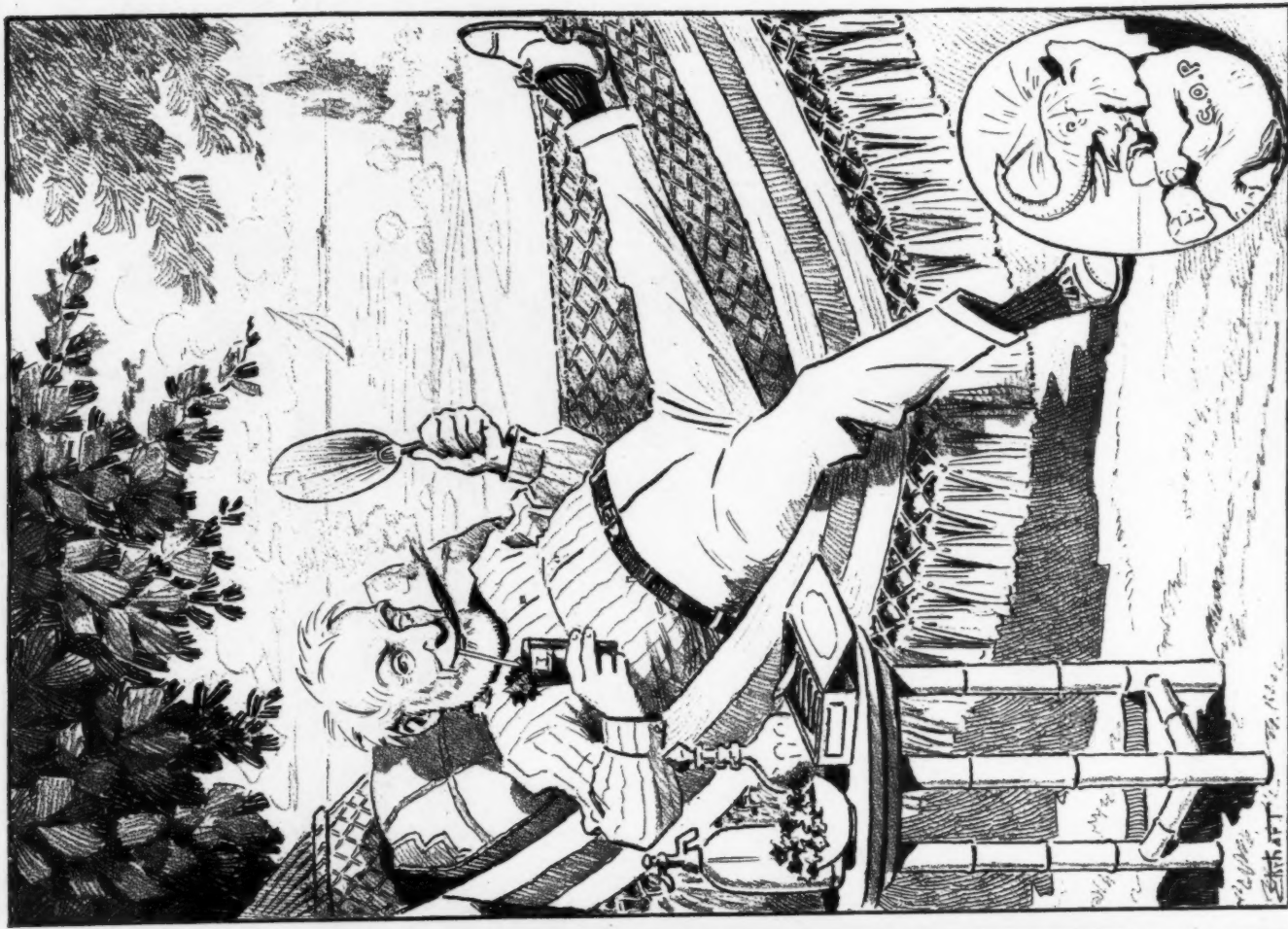
A FACT.

SHE sobbed violently.
"Villain!" she hissed. "I am in your power."
"My child," he answered, sadly, "I have n't got any. I am Vice-President of the United States."

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.



PORTRAIT OF SPEAKER CHAMP CLARK, THE VIRTUOUS MAN.



PORTRAIT OF EX-SPEAKER JOE CANNON, THE WICKED MAN.

BALLOT BATTLE.



"What are the lyadies fightin' for?" said Victim-of-a-Raid.
 "The right to vote, the right to vote," the patient Bobby said.
 "What makes you look so white, so white?" said Victim-of-a-Raid.
 "I'm dreadin' runnin' of 'em in," the patient Bobby said.

For they 're fightin' for the ballot, you should 'ear the things they say.

The Parliament has turned 'em down—they 're fightin' mad to-day;
 They 've knocked the buttons off their foils an' thrown their gloves away,
 An' they 're provin' that they 're worthy of the suffrage

"What makes 'em smash my windows in?" said Victim-of-a-Raid.
 "It shows 'ow good an' wise they are," the patient Bobby said.
 "What makes Malicious Damage right?" said Victim-of-a-Raid.
 "It's 'ard to tell, it's 'ard to tell," the patient Bobby said.

But they 're fightin' for the ballot, they are ragin' up an' down,
 They 're defyin' the police-courts, an' the Parliament an' Crown,
 An' they 'll make a howlin' wilderness of good old Lunnnon town
 Just to show us they are worthy of the suffrage.

"Their 'ands 'ave rocked us in our cots," said Victim-of-a-Raid.
 "They 're 'eavin' rocks at us to-day," the patient Bobby said.
 "I've drunk their 'ealths a score of times," said Victim-of-a-Raid.
 "They drink destruction to us now," the patient Bobby said.

They are fightin' for the ballot, they are spoilin' of the mail,
 An' the mob 'll try to duck 'em—we must guard 'em to the jail;
 An' then they 'll start a hunger-strike, or else get out on bail,
 While they 're showin' us they 're worthy of the suffrage.

"What's that so red agin the sky?" said Victim-of-a-Raid.
 "They 're burnin' down a widow's 'ouse," the patient Bobby said.

"What's that that shakes those buildings down?" said Victim-of-a-Raid.
 "It's dynamite they 're usin' now," the patient Bobby said.

For they 're bound they 'll 'ave the ballot, no matter what we say,
 The country 'll be a 'eaven on earth when once they 'ave their way.
 Ho! the Commons all are quakin', they 'll blow 'em up some day,
 Just to show 'em they are worthy of the suffrage.

Charlotte Stuart Best.



VIEWPOINT.

THE PROFESSOR — Life itself is but a chemical combination of the constituent atoms of chloride salts.

THE GIRL — Well, it's sweet to me, anyway!

to hear the story of the Marquis of Northampton—recently dead at the age of fifty-two. This noble lord never swung a battle-axe. He never pulled a gun on Britain's foes. He never jousted a single joust—he did n't know the game. But he could knit and crochet. And tat.

This man, descendant of warriors who were only beaten when they were dead; of mighty fighters whose delight it was to cut Moslem jugulars, and be carried from the field of gentle-tilt on shutters; of armored gentlemen whose biceps would have made Bernarr McFadden gasp; of doughty braves who coursed the heaths on fiery chargers, stopping only to rescue a fair damsel here and there—this man, with an ancestral tree notched like the cane of a Jesse James, was content to knit and crochet. And tat.

It is not to say that the late Marquis of Northampton could not do a good piece of crocheting or knitting. Or tatting. He knew the double stitch, the drop two, feather, and carry one. He could make a pair of heavy woolen stockings just as good as any old lady in England. And he was right there with the tat. But even in these days of ferocious peace; even admitting that it is no longer the

HE COULD TAT.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION could not understand it at all. The Knights of the Round Table would give one yelp and creep under the Round Table, and there expire. John of Gaunt would throw a fit; and Mortimer would run himself through with a halberd if they were alive



NEWSPAPER BULLETINS WE NEVER SEE.

IV.—THE CALEDONIAN GAMES.

fashion to ride out of an afternoon and impale a few Unbelievers with your lance, or jostle a bosom friend off his nag and into the haunts of his ancestors; even realizing that the field of lordly operations is restricted to a degree that would have given King Art a lot of idle time—yet we ask, and listen for an answer: "Could not my noble lord have found something just a leetle more masculine—just a leetle more exciting—with which to occupy his time? Was he compelled, by an irresistible force majeure, to crochet and knit? And tat?"

Freeman Tilden.

THE RESULT.

"O", write a realistic book—
 "From life, you know!" they said;
 And, now I've gone and done the thing,
 They all have cut me dead.

A WISE PARSON.

MRS. WESLEY CROSSCUT.—You're surely not going to be away Wednesday night! Don't you remember that is the date Deacon Bunce has set for our pound-party?

REV. WESLEY CROSSCUT (*firmlly*).—I do, my dear; but I prefer the ounce of prevention.

THrice armed is he who has his quarrel just, but we don't build our battleships on that principle.



SMACK!

BOTH GIRLS.—Tee-hee! What an awfully loud echo there is here!

A DREAM.



HAD a dream the other night.—
(What handy things are dreams,
When men who scribble poetry
Run short of better themes!)

I dreamed that fifty years had rolled
 Into the misty past,
 And that the grand old Ship of State
 Had nobly met each blast
 That threatened her with certain wreck—
 Had weathered many a gale
 That gave a start to the stoutest heart,
 And made e'en strong men quail.

A tariff bill had been devised
That suited every man;
The money question, too, had been
Arranged on such a plan
That everyone was satisfied—
The rich and poor alike;
And Capital and Labor, too,
Had ceased to "grind" and "strike."

The North and South forgot that they
In deadly strife had met
And fought till many a battlefield
With heroes' blood was wet.
And e'en the loud-mouthed Anarchist
Had ceased to flaunt the rag
Of Anarchism. Convinced was he
We needed but one flag.

And then I dreamed that once again
There raged a dreadful war,
And many a stream in our fair land
Ran red with human gore.
What caused the tramp of war to sound?
To jealousy 't was due:
New York had reached for Texas, and
Chicago claimed it, too.

Charles S. Carter.



A PAINFUL MOMENT.

MOTHER (*sternly*).—Young man, I want to know just how serious are your intentions toward my daughter?

DAUGHTER'S VOICE (*somewhat agitated*). — Mamma! Mamma!
He's not the one!

WHY SHOULD SHE?

HER DEAREST FRIEND.—She asked me what is good for preserving the complexion.

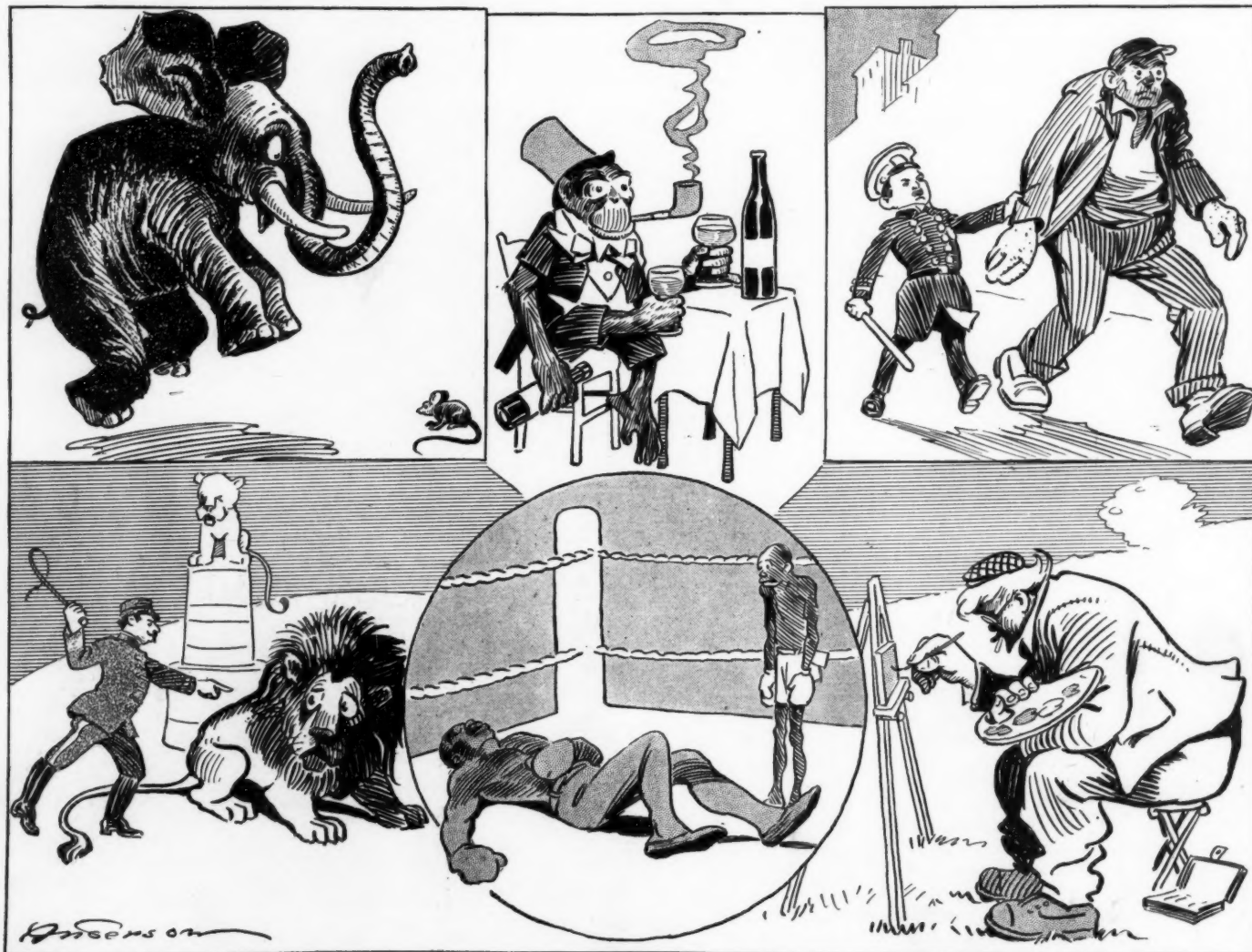
HER NEXT DEAREST.—Is it possible that she wants to preserve hers?

LOCATED.

MOTHER (*impatiently*).—I don't know what will ever become of that child! Nothing pleases him.

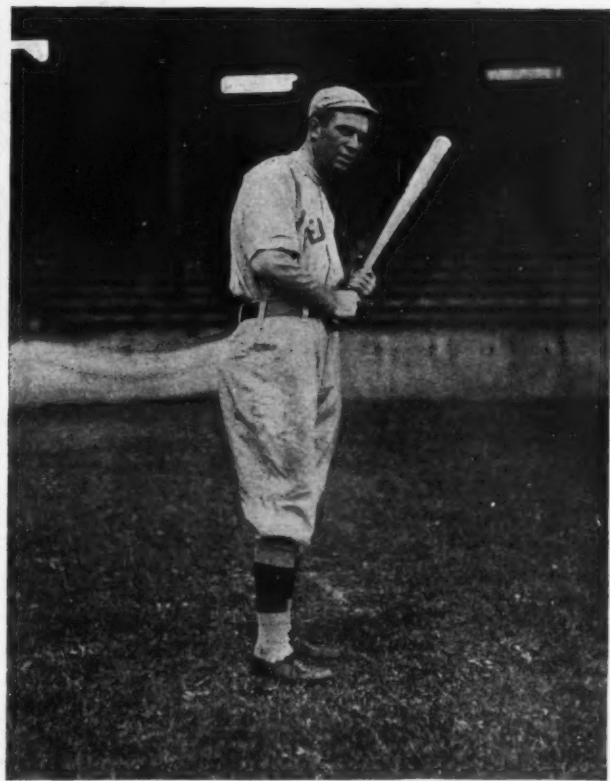
FATHER (*serenely*).—We'll make an art critic out of him.

RIGHT will prevail, and human nature impels us to get on the prevailing side so as to be right.



INCONGRUITIES.

Around the Base Ball Circuit.



Tris Speaker, Boston's one-best bet,
Your name must bore you;
As pitchers know, you always let
Your bat speak for you.



Pictures of Hughey and pictures of Ty
Are printed so often, they weary the eye;
So really, Detroiters, it's not at all strange
That we print Dubuc's photograph just for a change.



A COMMUNICATION FROM MARS.

THE greatest possible commotion prevailed. The entire world was interested. Scientists from every country flocked to the seat of the new observatory. The great telescope, the marvel of the twentieth century, was the talk of two continents.

This world was on the eve of communicating with Mars. It had been scientifically proved possible. Astronomers watching the distant planet through lesser telescopes had observed the attempts of the Martians to signal us. They were using a system of great planes and geometrical figures which formed themselves into an understandable code.

Slowly was the big telescope focused on the distant star. Distracted reporters dashed around sending bulletins every five minutes. Aged astronomers waited with trembling anxiety for the great moment of their lives. Hundreds of smaller telescopes were carried along the range of the wonderful new optical instrument.

"The Martians are signalling!" telegraphed an excited correspondent. "In a few minutes more the signals will be read." At last! An eager eye is glued to the glass. The great figures on the plains of Mars move slowly. The world is hushed waiting for the message, the first to break the silence of eons. The first letter is made out with difficulty; the others follow more rapidly. The aged scientist spells out: "R-U-B-B-E-R!"—Rubber!

A STARTLING PROPOSITION.

MILLIGAN.—If I be aafter laying security aqul ter what I take away, will yez thrust me till nixt wake?

SANDS (*the grocer*).—Certainly!

MILLIGAN.—Well, thin, sell me two av thim hams, an' kape wan av thim till I come agin.

THE BLOT REMOVED.

THE Duke's manner was visibly constrained in the presence of his affianced. "I cannot marry into a family," he was saying, as gently as possible, "whose wealth was accumulated in trade."

She trembled in spite of her efforts to appear calm.

"Do you lay that imputation upon my house, Your Grace?" she asked. He bowed sadly.

"T is false!" she shrieked. "The money that came over the bar only paid expenses. The profit was all in the nickel-in-the-slot machine!"

"Darling, can you ever forgive me?" he exclaimed, sinking upon one knee.

"Edward!"

HIS EXPERIENCE.

MISSIONARY.—And you found no happiness in leading a double life?

SINNER.—I felt as if I were leading the lives of two dogs.

A THEORY.

ISAACS.—I see vere a man vent undt bought him a tombstone. I don't understandt vot anybody vants to do dot for.

COHENSTEIN.—Maybe he t'ought tombstones vos goin' up.

STRANGE to say, there are more born idiots in the world than they have any idea of.



NO HURRY.

ANXIOUS MISTRESS.—Jane, have you given the fish any fresh water lately?

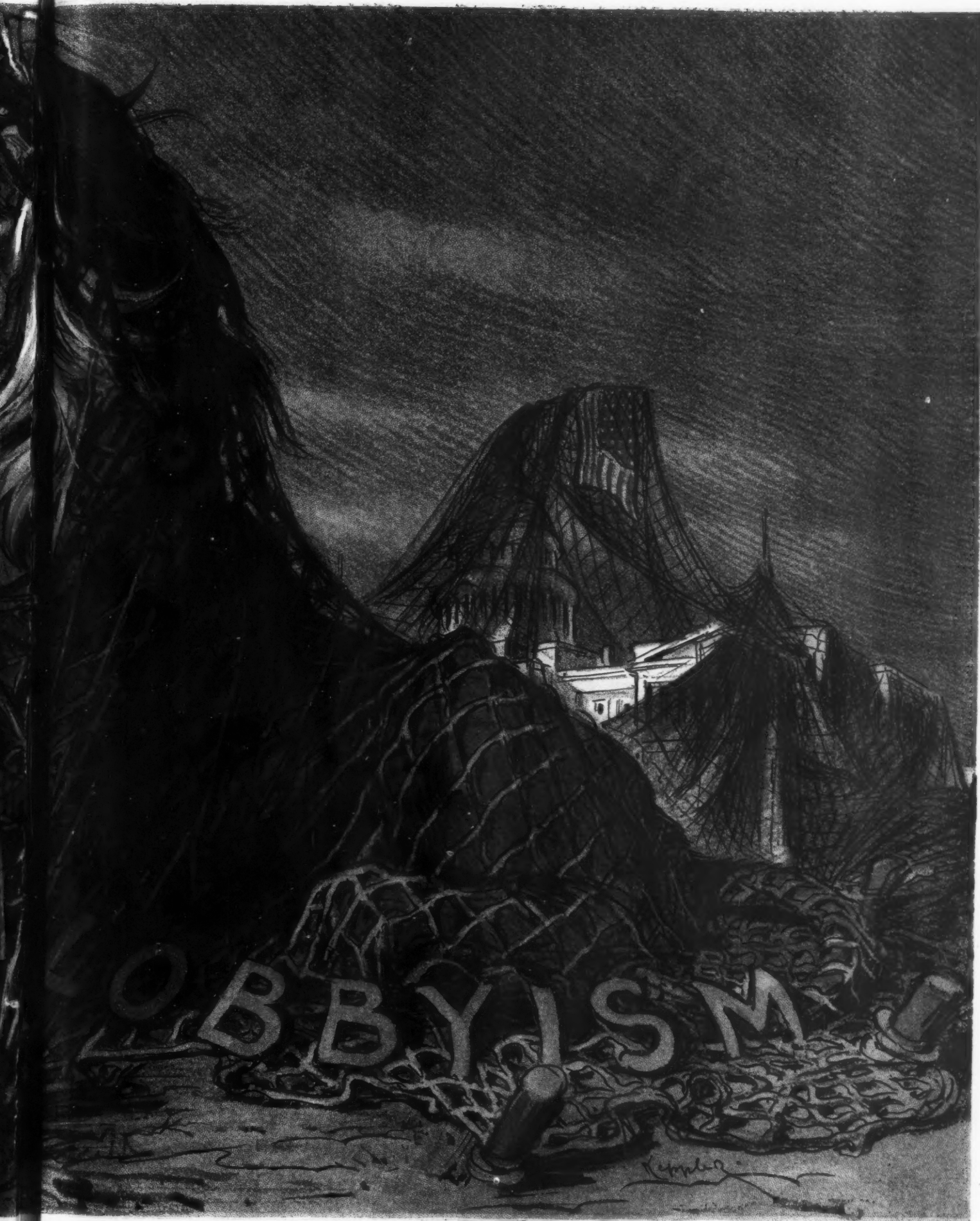
JANE.—No, mum. They have n't drank the water I gave them last month yet!

Justice is blind, but so long as people will talk she has no difficulty in locating them.



THE PUCK PRESS

EVEN A RAT MAY HETO FRE



LIBERTY TO FREE A LION.—La Fontaine.



PUZZLE PICTURE FOR SUMMER BOARDERS.
WHAT DAY OF THE WEEK IS IT? YOU WIN! SUNDAY!



FORCE OF HABIT.

DOES the razor hurt you?"

No reply.

"Is the draft too strong?"

No reply.

"Shall I shut the door?"

No reply.

"Think Mayor Gaynor will be re-elected?"

No reply.

"Awful fire in New York last night!"

No reply.

"Shave you pretty close?"

No reply.

"Getting very warm now!"

No reply.

"That was a heavy thunder-storm we had last night!"

No reply.

"Shampoo?"

No reply.

"Trim your hair up a little?"

No reply.

"Brilliantine on the mustache?"

No reply.

"Bay-rum?"

No reply.

Then the country barber, who was all alone in his breezy shop, sat down greatly refreshed. He had been shaving himself.

MANY of us are willing to work in the Lord's vineyard as long as the Lord consents to work in ours.

"HER NAME IS LEGION."

SHE's the prettiest maiden That ever was born.

Her lips are a rose

And her tongue is its thorn.

PROGRESSIVE CONSOLATION.

SMITH.—Brown has owed me fifty dollars for the last four years.

JONES.—That isn't so bad. If you'll figure it, you'll see that it's only a dollar a month; and when he owes it to you eight years it will be only fifty cents a month.



A SEPTEMBER MORN IN JERSEY.

HE REPROACHES HER.

HE.—You upbraid me for losing money on the races—you?

SHE.—And why should I not?

HE.—Yet I recall one blissful moment, not so long ago, when we stood together beneath the silent stars, and you said that no stroke of adverse fortune could ever draw from your lips one complaining word!

AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

AND so—" The brow of the Grand Inquisitor darkened.

"—the accused laughs at rack and thumb-screw and still refuses to retract?" The Chief Torturer bowed.

"It is true," he said; "but my new assistant, who formerly ran a Painless Dental Parlor, now has him in hand."

At this instant, high above the buzz of the treadle drill, a sickening scream of anguish was heard from the torture-chamber, and a few moments after the official stenographer reported that he had the victim's confession full and complete.

DRASTIC MEASURES.

MRS. YOUNGLOVE.—If I was n't afraid baby was sick, I do believe I should spank him!

YOUNGLOVE.—Well, let's make sure. You begin spanking, and I'll go for the doctor.

The approval of one's conscience may be an excellent thing, but it won't get you that raise in salary.

ANT-HILL PHILOSOPHY.



ACCORDING to recent observations by Professor Tele Scopus, of Ant-Hill Observatory, Glorytown, Jupiter, there seems to be no doubt that the Earth is inhabited by organized beings. At a recent meeting of the Gloryland Association for the Advancement of Science, the distinguished professor, as secretary of the astronomical section, reported on his discoveries substantially as follows: The Earth is surrounded by an atmosphere which, with the sunlight, renders organic life possible. Organisms are plentiful. The shape of these has not as yet been definitely determined, but it is hoped that results in this line will soon be forthcoming. It seems probable that there are a number of different forms, prominent among which are some which move about quite slowly and have a tendency to form colonies. They are supposed to feed on one another; yet this is a hypothesis. Their colonies are composed of large, square habitations, where they probably store their provisions and shield their bodies against the heat of the sun, which must be quite intense,—averaging 6,792,454,489,765,558 degrees, according to Professor Tele Scopus's calculations.

One quite interesting feature about these organisms is that they will sometimes float on the water, and even congregate in large numbers on certain



SOLVED.

THE SUMMER SUNSHADE AND THE ELONGATED PLUME.

floating bulb-like isles which emit light and smoke. It is believed that by these means they exchange articles of food from one land to another. After such excursions they will return to their colonies, where they become more active than usual, and skip about their habitations, wending their way in and about long, narrow paths, for some purpose or other. Their movements are unaccountable, as there seems to be no established method therein, and clearly life with them is merely a gigantic, irrelevant crowding together and moving apart.

When sunlight disappears they light their walks and habitations in certain ways and retire into holes, where they remain quiet for a while. Professor Scopus claims to have discovered that these earth-dwellers operate to a great extent by pairs, and that they move about to a great extent by couples. He is of the opinion that a complete organism is composed of two lumpy bodies, each being dependent upon the other, and that life with them is incomplete as long as no such association takes place. It also appears that the movements of the pairs are more steady than those of the uncoupled ones.

A detailed account of these remarkable discoveries will appear shortly under the title of "The Life of the Earth-Dwellers." Professor Scopus has sold the serial rights of the book to the *Saturn Monthly* and to the *Urania*. Advance sheets will be supplied to all of our moons, so that the publication of the work in book form can take place simultaneously throughout the Jupiter world.



Coral Builders and the Bell System

In the depths of tropical seas the coral polyps are at work. They are nourished by the ocean, and they grow and multiply because they cannot help it.

Finally a coral island emerges from the ocean. It collects sand and seeds, until it becomes a fit home for birds, beasts and men.

In the same way the telephone system has grown, gradually at first, but steadily and irresistibly. It could not stop growing. To stop would mean disaster.

The Bell System, starting with a few scattered ex-

changes, was carried forward by an increasing public demand.

Each new connection disclosed a need for other new connections, and millions of dollars had to be poured into the business to provide the 7,500,000 telephones now connected.

And the end is not yet, for the growth of the Bell System is still irresistible, because the needs of the people will not be satisfied except by universal communication. The system is large because the country is large.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

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"SIR," said the office-boy to his employer, "as you know very well that my family is in perfect health, I ask you to let me off this afternoon to go to the ball game."

"Young man," replied the boss, "you are entirely too honest. I have my suspicions of you. You are fired."—*Portland Express*.



You Should Know Your Dickens

YOUR library is not complete without a complete set of Dickens. You must have all the tales of this, the greatest story-teller of the English race. In view of the centenary celebration of the birth of Dickens, no time would be more appropriate for those who have no satisfactory set of Dickens, or none at all, to purchase that **best general library edition**, the **UNIVERSITY**, in fifteen splendid three-quarters leather volumes. This set contains **all the novels** of the great master. It is also **unique** in that to the text of the novels have been added critical comments, notes, etc., by prominent writers—a feature adding immeasurably to its value. Contributions appear from members of the Dickens family as well as from some of the most brilliant of contemporary critics. The volumes are fully illustrated throughout, each one containing a genuine photogravure frontispiece.

Hail, Dickens the Immortal!

DICKENS continues to reach the heart of humanity as does no other writer of fiction. The world still makes merry with Pickwick, shudders at the brutalities of Bill Sikes, responds with a sympathetic smile to the undaunted optimism of Micawber, and thrills at the tragic fate of Sidney Carton. "The English-reading people everywhere," says Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), "have taken Charles Dickens to their hearts and they will hold him there. God bless his memory! It shall be green for us always."

Can you afford to be without a first-class library edition of this immortal writer?

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THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY

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DECLINE AND FALL.

Oh, now has my glory departed!
I once was the head-of the house,
But I became so downhearted
My spirit is that of a mouse!

My son has just come home from college,
A daughter has just finished "high,"
And both in the matter of knowledge
Make me feel what a poor stick am I.

Time was when they deemed me a hero,
My sayings receiving with awe;
Now they place my attainments at zero,
As measured by "Pish!" "Pooh!" and
"Pshaw!"

My wife, who was meeker than Moses,
Since joining the Suffragette ranks
An attempt to debate always closes
By talking of "masculine cranks."

My notions of things economic,
Political, social, what not,
She characterizes as "comic,"
Or merely as "stale, ancient rot."

Ah, well! They have found me a faker—
I've known it a long time myself—
So I'll just be the mere money-maker
And humble producer of pelf!

—*The Globe*.

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MRS. HAUTTON (maliciously).—You were such a charming debutante, my dear, fifteen years ago.

MRS. IGLEFE.—Was I? I only remember you made such a lovely chaperon for me when I came out. —*News Record*.

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"Here, dear Arthur, is your favorite dish."

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A Philadelphia novelist had written a "best-seller" which was scorchingly criticized by Richard Grant White, then doing the reviews for one of the New York papers, so he wrote to the critic, challenging him to a duel. Mr. White's reply ran something like this: "I have read your letter, and find it as wretched as your book. You call me out, it seems; so the choice of weapons rests with me. Very well, I choose grammar. Wherefore you are a dead man already."—*The Bellman*.



II.

"A-a-choo!"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

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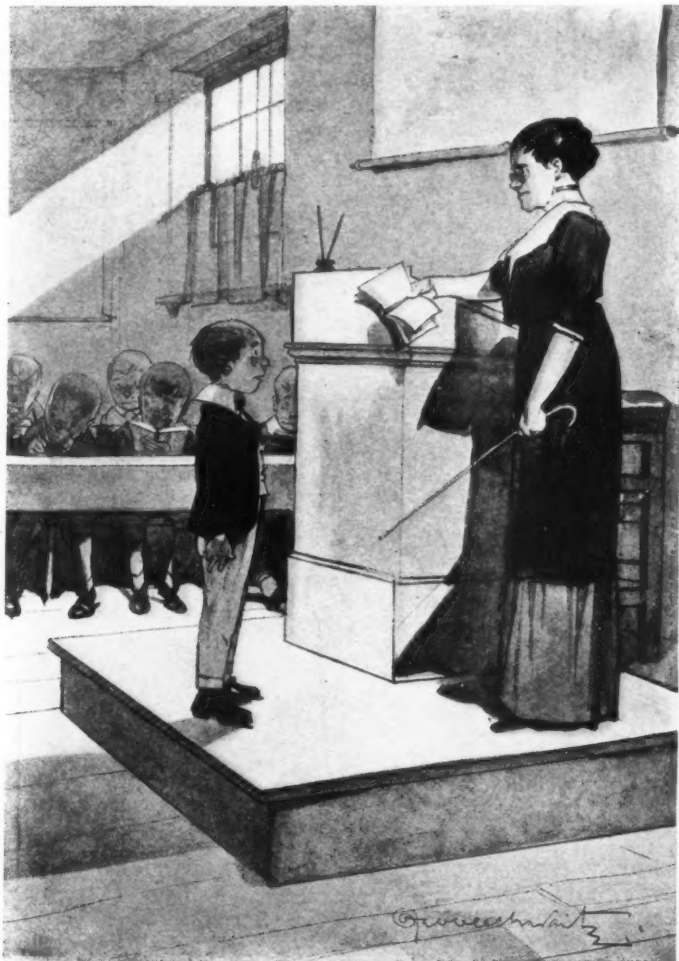
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THE TEACHER.—You see, had the lamb been obedient and stayed in the fold it would not have been eaten by the wolf, would it?

BOY (*promptly*).—No, ma'am; it would have been eaten by us.

—*The Tatler.*

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A KEEN THRUST.

Edward Everett Hale was one of the guests at a millionaire's dinner.

The millionaire was a free spender, but he wanted full credit for every dollar put out. And, as the dinner progressed, he told his guests what the more expensive dishes had cost. He dwelt especially on the large and beautiful grapes, each bunch a foot long, each grape as big as a plum. He told, down to a penny, what he had figured it out that the grapes had cost him apiece. The guests looked annoyed. They ate the expensive grapes charily. But Dr. Hale, smiling, extended his plate and said:

"Would you mind cutting me off about one dollar and eighty-seven cents' worth more, please." — *Chicago Record-Herald.*

"ARE you a Socialist?"

"I was until I discovered the other day that I had several things the other fellow wishes he had." — *Detroit Free Press.*

"WHAT makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement ring?"

"A woman." — *The Sphinx.*

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MRS. BLEEKER.—Does n't he ever do it?

MRS. LAKER.—Yes, sometimes, if he has n't married her for quite a long time. — *Washington Star.*

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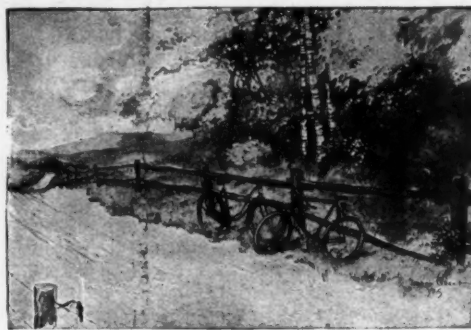
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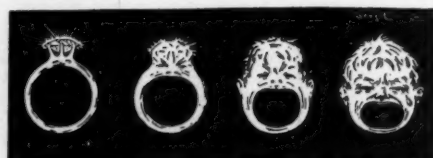
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THE VICAR (to old lady, the last of whose family has married).—You must feel lonely, Mrs. Muggins, after having such a large family.

MRS. MUGGINS.—Yes, I do, sir. Sometimes I miss 'em and sometimes I want 'em; but I miss 'em more nor I want 'em.—*Sketch.*

"THAT Little Lord Fauntleroy and the Mrs. Errol look very much alike. I imagine they are mother and daughter," said Mrs. Jarby at the play.

"They are. The Fauntleroy is the mother of the Mrs. Errol," returned Mr. Jarby.—*Bazar.*

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A LADY AND A DIPLOMAT.

When a diplomat says "yes," he means "perhaps."
When a diplomat says "perhaps," he means "no."
And when a diplomat says "no," he is no diplomat.
When a lady says "no," she means "perhaps."
When a lady says "perhaps," she means "yes."
And when a lady says "yes," she is no lady.

—*Berliner Tageblatt.*

"THAT must have required considerable preliminary practice," said the tenderfoot, as Blizzard Bill shot the ashes from the cigar his partner was smoking at a distance of forty feet.

"Practice!" said William. "I should twitter. I guess I spiled more'n two dozen Chinamen learnin' that there trick."
—*Indianapolis Journal.*



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NATIONAL SPORTSMAN MAGAZINE
78 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

AUGUSTUS THOMAS, maker of plays, says the *Saturday Evening Post*, was presiding at the sheriff's panel jury dinner, a sumptuous feast in the city of New York, and told how the orchestra at the dinner of the Southern Society had played "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes!" without receiving any applause. Thomas said he had called the attention of the society's president to the lack of enthusiasm for the touching English ballad, and that the Southerner had replied that the members of the society did not approve of the sentiment.

Some caught the joke—men from the South, probably—but not the sheriff and a pal of his. Harburger and his friend did not laugh.

"Don't you see the joke?—'Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes!'" asked the juror seated on the friend's left.

"No; I don't understand it," said Harburger's friend, frankly.

"But you see the joke, Julius?" said the juror.

"Certainly I see it!" insisted Harburger.

"Well, then, explain it to your friend here," said the juror.

"Vell—vell—'Drink t' Me Only mit 'Thine Eyes!' Vell, it means you kin read the wine-card, but you must n't order nodding!"



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